

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With the Little Red Scarf.

"I was wondering the other day what one thing had given me the most pleasure in the world," said the village deacon. "I had to go back a long ways—clear back into the blessed Santa Claus days—but I recalled it. It was a scarf I found in my stocking one bright Christmas morning. I got a red one, and my brother got a blue one. I was a mighty proud boy that morning as I trudged downtown with that red scarf around my neck. I wore it every day until the birds began to sing in the springtime and the kids were hunting up their marbles. I don't now remember who gave it to me nor what became of it, but I do know that the memory of it still clings like a benediction.

"Since the days of that little red scarf I have had things of far more intrinsic value. I have worn lodge emblems of high degree; I have had a gold watch and chain; I once had a pair of shoes that cost \$5 and a necktie that cost twice as much as the little red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled a plug hat. But among these things do I recall none that gave me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such a swelled up feeling, as did that little red scarf way back in the days when the wolf sat out in the road and howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days that stir the memory with 'It might have been.'—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes in Various Parts of the World.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die away novels, and yet it is good, strong and honest. Translated to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Janus Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet, and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonoff Smitowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmitt; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smitia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmid; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontil F'Smitti; if of classic turn and he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Iou Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phrenological Journal.

Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody mentioned cookbooks. "It takes a good deal to make me wonder," said the publisher, "but I received a jolt in the culinary line the other day that set me thinking. In looking over the manuscript of a cookbook that had been submitted for our approval I was struck by this introduction to many of the recipes, 'Good for boarding house table.' "Now, why that discrimination? Isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table good enough for any other table, and isn't anything that is good enough for any other table good enough for a boarding house table? Judging by the way those particular recipes read, they may result in some rather tasty dishes. Then why limit them to boarding houses?"—New York Globe.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of England's greatest poets a devoted admirer of his visited the little Westmorland villages where the poet had lived and died to gaze reverently at his house, the little church and at some of his favorite haunts where some of his immortal poems were composed.

Seeing an old man a native of the village, the stranger entered into conversation with him, remarking sadly on the death of the poet, to which the old man answered kindly and encouragingly:

"Aye, aye, still I mak' na doobut but 't wife 'll carry the bizness on."

Brief and Pithy.

An American law journal has quoted the charge to a jury delivered by a certain Judge Donovan as the shortest on record. The Judge said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe the plaintiff find a verdict for plaintiff and fix the amount. If you believe the defendant find a verdict for defendant. Follow the officer."

But an English periodical caps this brief charge by quoting a shorter one delivered by Commissioner Kerr. He said to a jury:

"That man says prisoner robbed him. The prisoner says he didn't. You settle it."

Plagiarism.

At the literary club a sympathetic crowd surrounded the humorist, whose house had been robbed.

"They cleaned out everything," said the man—"everything, but, thank goodness, they didn't swipe from my desk the manuscript column of jokes for next week's paper."

"Perhaps they knew," suggested a sonneteer cynically, "that the jokes had already been swiped."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liberality.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying: "Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."—Exchange.

WANTED TO KEEP A CUTTING

High Compliment Paid Visiting American Cleric by English Gardener.

A clerical correspondent of the Church Family Newspaper vouches for the following: A distinguished American bishop, a man of fine physique, preached a very powerful sermon in an ancient parish church in the midlands of England the other Sunday morning. One of the features of this church is an old beadle who is noted for the quaintness of his sayings and the trim appearance of his garden. After the morning service the vicar said:

"Well, what did you think of the bishop from across the water?"

"Ah, sir," was the beadle's reply, "one of the best sermons ever preached in this church. He is a grand'un; pity we can't strike some cuttings from him before he goes back to America."

THE DIFFERENCE.



Doctor—You are certainly in a bad state. Go to bed at once. I shall have to visit you about three times a day.

Patient—It's a good job I joined the club, then.

Doctor—A club patient—why didn't you say so? 'Um, there's not much the matter, after all, take a glass of cold water every morning. Good-day?

LARGEST MOUNTAIN LION.

The largest mountain lion ever killed in southern California was shot recently by William Dewey of Riverside.

Dewey, who had been staying at Camp Baynham in San Antonio Canon, was walking on the trail to "Old Baldy" with two companions. When about two miles from camp, as the party approached Telegraph Peak, Dewey saw the huge beast standing on a ledge 15 feet above them. Without a word to his companions Dewey raised his rifle and fired with deadly effect and the lion rolled down the slope to the trail, lying at Dewey's feet almost before his surprised companions had time to turn about.—Claremont correspondence Los Angeles Times.

WOMEN OYSTER GATHERERS.

The work of oyster collecting and culture is most unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men.

Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to the knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums.

The work is well paid, as indeed it ought to be, while in the case of the few who own beds the profits are large and small fortunes are quickly amassed.—Woman's Life.

OUT OF HARMONY.

"The sounds of the city streets are like the sounds of the country," said the woman. "The screech of the pulleys as the washerwomen draw in the lines is like the song of birds. The whirr of the elevated if you listen enough, is like the waterfall over the mill dam. The electric fans at the cafes are like the humming of bees. The cry of the 'E cash closes' man has the guttural sound of the bullfrog. But the yell of the 'line-up' man is like nothing on the earth, above the earth, or under the waters thereof."—N. Y. Press.

LARGEST KNOWN FLOWERS.

The largest known flowers are those of the rafflesia, a plant which grows in Java. This cuplike flower is over a yard in diameter, each of its five round, bright red petals being about a foot across. The flower weighs over 14 pounds, smells like putrid meat and is visited by carrion loving flies. The rafflesia is a parasite on the roots of other plants. Instead of stems, leaves and roots, it has a fungus-like network of fine threads running through the "host" plant, and the huge flowers burst out and appear above ground.

NEED OF GOOD ROADS.

Part of a Transporting Machine—Their Neglect Mars the Whole.

"To appreciate the necessity for good roads in America one should consider the road as part of a transporting machine. The machine is composed by a horse, a wagon and a road. If any one of the three is poor, the machine is poor and ineffective. Only a small load can be drawn, and that slowly. We have been spending thousands of dollars building up the breed of horses and improving wagons and have allowed the roads to run down and offset our costly upbreeding. Is it not time we stopped and considered the common sense course, to build up all three simultaneously?"

This unique presentation of the necessity of good roads was offered by Horatio S. Earle, the candidate for governor of Michigan on the Republican ticket, to the autoists, roadmakers



GOOD AND BAD ROAD CONTRASTED.

and farmers which recently held a convention at Buffalo, and it aptly fits the case, making a profound impression on the farmers present. "The same situation exists when the motive power of the vehicle is furnished by an engine," he continued, "so that autoists and farmers are at one on the good roads question. The automobile needs a perfect road to accomplish all it is capable of accomplishing. Then let us be sensible and provide the possibility of getting the best out of it."

"The antagonism of the farmer to the automobilist is entirely unwarranted. There are some farmers who are as offensive as some automobilists. The product of the automobile factories of Michigan sold for \$18,000,000 in a year, and 75 per cent came from outside the state from the rich and well to do. It went to stockholders and employees and through them to the stores and farmers. The industry made possible by the users of automobiles meant a great deal to the farmers of Michigan, and it means as much to the farmers of many other states."

MANKATO'S GOOD ROAD.

Minnesota City Has Made a Mudless and Dustless Pavement.

Mankato, Minn., has solved the problem of finding a durable pavement at small expense and one that can be used on steep grades as readily as on a level surface.

First the driveway was narrowed to thirty feet, curbed, guttered and boulevarded. Then it was excavated to the depth of six inches and surfaced. Five inches of dry crushed limestone one and a half to two inches in diameter was put on and rolled down with a ten ton roller.

Bolting tar from the local gas works was applied until the entire surface was covered. Then, says the Cement Age, a layer of broken stone an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter, mixed with coarse gravel, was applied on the surface in proportion of three parts of stone to one of gravel. This was first mixed dry on a platform and then thoroughly mixed with hot tar and applied on the surface two inches thick and tamped into place to conform with the surface of the street.

Dry domestic cement was then applied to the surface, and the street was again rolled. Then a coating of sand was applied and the roller again used. The pavement was allowed to stand for two weeks before the street was thrown open to travel.

The cost was 80 cents a lineal foot to the property owners on each side of the street or, rather, would have been had the entire cost been assessed against them. The street has a practically waterproof pavement six inches thick, and it is impossible for the elements to attack the surface. The pavement has now stood two winters and shows not the slightest wear. It gives off no dust in summer, although it is not sprinkled.

Automobiles and Good Roads.

The automobile has become the most important factor in the upbuilding of our public highways and has led to the reconstruction of more miles of good roads than any other conveyance ever introduced. While it may be true that it is more destructive of highways than any other vehicle, it is equally true that automobilism is only pleasurable upon the best roads man can construct. Thus it must and shall be that the more automobiles we use the better will our roads become for all classes of vehicles and traffic.

How Oil Saved the Rock Roads.

"I am busy day and night repairing washouts in the rock roads because of the heavy rains," Oscar Koehler, county surveyor, said the other morning at Kansas City. "There is no doubt in my mind that the oiling of the rock roads is a great economy. There has not been a single washout in the roads that were oiled. The oil serves to pack the gravel so that it resists the erosion of the flood waters."

TORTOISE SHELL.

The Way the Plates Are Removed From the Animal.

The comb of tortoise shell has a very pale and translucent yellow, the only really valuable kind of shell.

"Many people think this pale, unmottled shell the cheaper kind," the dealer said. "Do you know why? Because the limitations are all made like this."

"That is one vulgar error about shell. Another is that the tortoise is killed to get its shell casing. That is as absurd an error as it would be to say a sheep was killed to get its wool."

"What is done is this: The fishermen, having caught a tortoise, tie him and then cover his back with dry grass and leaves. They set fire to this stuff, it burns slowly, and the heat causes the thirteen plates of the shell to loosen at the joints. With a knife the plates are pried off, and afterward the tortoise is set free. The base, or roof, of his shell is intact and will grow again. If tortoises were killed to get their shell they would long since have become extinct."

"No, no. Every tortoise is, as it were, a farm—a shell farm. Fishermen catch him regularly and with heat and a knife gently remove his shell."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Eyes of the Camel.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest, but the beast would not down and must be beaten, the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times, wherefore he is obedient to the gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

Wiping Out an Army.

The entire standing army of the Tonga islands has been disbanded, it having been decided that an army is of no further use in the kingdom. The army consisted of six officers and 30 men.—London Standard.

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Not Deliberate. Wife—I claim that the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie! Hub—And I say it wasn't! I never thought up one more quickly in my life!	Too Inquisitive. Politician—Congratulate me, my dear. I've won the nomination. His Wife (in surprise)—Honestly? Politician—Now, what in thunder did you want to bring me that point for?—Exchange.
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